

Watch for the Great Planet Jupiter.

AS soon as the sunset light fades, the great planet Jupiter may be seen directly on the meridian, and only about 20 degrees south of the zenith. It is in Taurus, between the Pleiades and the Hyades, and while it presides in mid-heaven, Venus blazes with yet greater splendor low in the west.

The Four of Hearts

Cynthia Reads Over Dora's Invitation on Her Way to New York

CHAPTER V.

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THERE are few more dreary experiences than that of awakening early in a large hotel, taking one's breakfast alone and boarding a train for a place where such thoughts as these were up-his acquaintance.

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Cynthia reread the letter slowly.

seat. So fast taking off her hat and coat, adjusting a footstool under her feet and settling herself back in a cushioned corner, she opened her handbag and drew forth a couple of magazines.

As she did this, the letter she had received the night before caught her eye. She had laid it away in her bag with the consciousness that she would want to read it again some time. That time had come now.

She needed the courage it might give her. She was uncomfortably homesick at seeing the last of the place near which she had spent all her life.

"I may some time marry and go back to Lake Forest to live," she mused. "Meanwhile I must try to learn to be content elsewhere."

She had been to New York twice with her father—once when she was a child of twelve, soon after her mother's death; the other time, when she was sixteen. Her father had been too busy to stay away from home long, or to make many social visits. He had taken his daughter with him to the Waldorf, and had dined or lunched several times with the Livingstones. Cynthia recalled these occasions now, trying to recollect just what her aunt and cousin had been like. She remembered that Dora was pretty and vivacious, and that her Aunt Amanda—Mrs. Livingstone—was stately and rather conventional, yet kindly.

She now wondered for the twentieth time if she was doing right in making her home with these relatives. It might not be easy to adjust oneself to their ways. Well, she would not be a burden upon them, for she had a sufficient income from her father's estate to dress herself well

and to supply her various needs. But she was occupying a room in her uncle's house. Would she be in the way when the first novelty of her arrival had worn off?

She realized with relief that she had not proposed this arrangement. It had been her uncle's idea. Her lawyer, Mr. Blake, had insisted that her father would have wished her to agree to it. That and her loneliness had moved her to do so. At any rate, the letter she had received last night had convinced her that her cousin joyfully anticipated her arrival.

A Nice Letter.

She reread the letter, now slowly. "Dear Cynthia," it ran. "Of course Father and Mother have written you the proper and altogether truthful epistles of welcome to our home. I have not written, although I have been thinking a lot of and banking on your coming to live with us. It occurs to me to tell you this in a letter to reach you on your last evening before you leave Chicago. Father tells me you are to stay at a hotel that night. Mother thinks that most unusual. I think it must be rather jolly. Only I suppose you will be blue and will feel that you are leaving behind you all your old friends and everything."

"Dear, please don't be blue. Try to think what good chums you and I will be. I never had a sister. I fancy Mother thought it more conventional and select to have only one youngster. Anyway, I am the only young person in this big house, and I do so often long for a girl, who will belong to me, to have good times with. I have always wanted a sister. I want you to make believe you are one. Won't you? You will not have a chance to answer this letter, but please let it tell you all the things I am not clever enough to say."

"Come as fast as the train will bring you, Cynthia, my dear. It

cannot be too soon for your loving cousin-sister, DORA."

"She's a dear!" Cynthia decided. Her eyes moist and her lips curved by a tender smile as she gazed on the landscape beyond the car windows.

Everything was bathed in the midwinter sunlight—a sunlight that was cold, yet brilliant. After all, the girl mused, she was young, and all life lay before her.

The Spirit of Adventure.

A spirit of adventure stirred within her. There were going to be new experiences in her life; she was going to meet new people; perhaps, in spite of her misgivings, she would not be as homesick as she had feared.

Her father had always spoke of New York with admiration. His wife had been a New York girl. This must have been the reason for her re-reading of Dora Livingstone's letter. Cynthia had lived better last night for having received this message. She was glad she had to stop at the hotel clerk if there was any mail for her.

Suddenly she remembered how, in crossing the lobby, she had seen a short, stout, middle-aged man had sprung forward and picked it up for her. She did not see where he came from. It was as if he had started up from the floor right in front of her. He had very blue eyes, she had noticed. In fact, she had considered him really quite good-looking.

Yet she had not thought of the incident from the moment of its occurrence until now.

To Be Continued.

By BRAM STOKER

Dracula, or The Vampire

I WRITE this whilst we wait in a farmhouse for the horses to be got ready. Dr. Van Helsing is sleeping. He is a very tired and old man, but his verity is set as firmly as a conqueror's; even in his sleep he is instinct with resolution. When we have waited I must make him rest while I drive. I shall tell him that we have done before, and he must not break down when most of all his strength will be needed. All is ready; we are off shortly.

2 November, morning. I was successful, and we took turns driving all night; now the day is on us, bright though cold. There is a strange heaviness in the air—I say heaviness for want of a better word; I mean that it oppresses us both. It is very cold, and only our warm furs keep us comfortable.

MYNOCITIC TRANCE REVEALS NOTHING NEW.

At dawn Van Helsing hypnotized me; he says I answered "darkness, creaking wood, and roaring water," so the river is changing as they ascend. I do hope that my darling will not run any chance of danger more than need be; but we are in God's hands.

2 November, Night. All day long driving. The country gets wilder as we go, and the great spurs of the Carpathians, which at Veresti seemed so far from us and so long on the horizon, now seem to gather round us and tower in front. We both seem in good spirits; I think we make an effort each to cheer the other; in the doing so we cheer ourselves. Dr. Van Helsing says that by morning we shall reach the Borgo Pass.

The houses are very few here now, and the professor says that the last horses we got will have to go on with us, as we may not be able to change. He got two in addition to the two we changed, so that now we have a rude four-in-hand.

The dear horses are patient and good, and they give us no trouble.

We are not worried with other travelers, and so even I can drive. We shall get to the pass in daylight; we do not want to arrive before. So we take it easy, and have each a long rest in turn.

Oh, what will tomorrow bring to us? We go to a place where my poor darling suffered and died. God grant that we may be guided aright, and that He will guide us to the place where we shall find rest and peace. We shall find rest and peace. We shall find rest and peace.

As for me, I am not worthy in his sight. Alas! I am unworthy in his sight, and shall be until He may deign to let me stand forth in His sight as one of those who have not incurred His wrath.

Memorandum of Abraham Van Helsing.

4 November. This is my old and true friend John Seward, M. D., of Purfleet, London, in case I may not see him. It may explain it is more than likely that I have kept alive—Madam Mina adding me.

It is cold, cold, so cold that the grey heavy sky is full of snow, which when it falls will settle for all winter on the ground is hardening to receive it. It seems to have affected Madam Mina; she has been so heavy of head all day that she was not like herself. She sleeps, and sleeps, and sleeps.

She, who is usual so alert, have done literally nothing all the day; she even have lost her appetite. She makes no entry into her little diary, she who writes so faithful at every pause. Something whistles to me that all is not well.

VAN Helsing's POWER SLOWLY DIMINISHING.

However, tonight she is more vivacious. Her long sleep all day have refresh and restore her, for now she is all sweet and bright as ever. At sunset I try to hypnotize her, but alas! with no effect; the power has grown less and less with each day, and tonight it fails me altogether. Well, God's will be done—whatever it may be.

Now to the historical, for as Madam Mina wrote not in her stenography, I must, in my clumsy old fashion, take up each day of us may not go unrecorded.

We got to the Borgo Pass just after sunrise yesterday morning. When I saw the signs of the dawn I got ready so that I might be no disappointed.

I made a couch with furs, and Madam Mina, lying down, yielded herself as usual, but more slow and more short than usual, to the hypnotic sleep.

As before, came the anxiety "darkness and the swirling of water." Then she woke, bright and radiant, and we go on our way and soon reach the pass. At this time and place she became all on fire with zeal; some new guiding power be in her manifested, for she pointed to a road and said—

"This is the way."

"How know you that?" I asked.

"Of course, I know it," she answered, and with a pause, add: "Have not my Jones and I traveled it and wrote of its travel."

At first I think somewhat strange, but soon I see that there is only one such difference. It is not that she is different from the coach road from the Bukovina to Trieste, which is more wild and hard and more of one.

So we came down this road, when we reached a man, twenty-three. He was sure that they were roads at all, for they be neglected and light snow have fallen—the horses know and they only go patient. He and his wife and all things which Jonathan have note in that wonderful diary of him. Then he go on for long, long hours and hours.

At the first, I tell Madam Mina to sleep; she try, and she succeed. She sleep all the time; till at the last, I feel myself to suspicious grow, and then I try to wake her. But she sleep on, and I may not wake her though I try. I do not wish to try too hard lest I harm her; for I know that she have suffer much, and sleep at times be all-in-all to her.

Read Loretto Lynch's Article on Thrift on This Page To-day



Magazine Page



Does Your Child Save?

START HIM OR HER ON THE ROAD TO THRIFT
An Allowance, No Matter How Small, Is a Good Thing for Children as Well as Grown-ups

The boy's age, 8.
His allowance, 10 cents weekly.
His account for two weeks:

Got	Spent	Got	Spent
Apple	.02	Had	.03
Top	.05	Total	.13
Left	.03	Movies	.06
		War tax	.01
		Candy	.03
		Left	.04

By Loretto C. Lynch.
(Instructor Wartime Cooking in the New York Evening High School for Women.)

"GIMME a penny, mamma!" wailed an irate child of five as his mother tried to explain to me the details of a recent neighborhood happening.

"Keep quiet, Jimmie," said the mother more than once, but Jimmie wailed all the louder.

Finally, to quiet him, she gave him a nickel to run to the candy store. She did not have a penny.

"That child gets more pennies and nickels every week than his father spends on cigars, but I simply have to give him the money for peace," she explained.

"How much a week do you allow him?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing at all. You see, he is only five, and he wouldn't understand the handling of money," she assured me.

This is the type of woman who lets the tradesman cheat her because she would rather have "peace" than argument. Her home reflects her "peace at any price" sentiment.

To my mind it is the duty of every housewife, in order to teach thrift and the value of money, to give each member of the family an allowance, however small.

A great financier told me that he was five years old when he received his first allowance. It was five cents per week. Each year his allowance was increased one cent per week until he got to be fourteen, when he was allowed sufficient money to cover his clothing, carfare and little pleasures needs.

It is interesting to watch the characteristics brought out by this allowance to children. Two sisters, each with a boy of seven, allowed each five cents a week. One boy saved his money until he had a quarter and then spent it for a much wanted toy. The other boy spent

his as soon as he got it, but began to realize his folly when he saw the other boy's "dandy toy."

Children should be encouraged to keep accounts as soon as possible. One boy of eight whose allowance is ten cents a week showed me his crude little account, which leads this article. It shows the spirit of saving.

The high school girl who handles carfare and lunch money for the first time usually does not know how to manage. This is not her fault exactly, because if she had been used to managing even a small allowance she would be better prepared to handle her larger allowance.

More than one widow whose husband has paid all little willingly, but never given her an allowance, often makes very foolish investments or extravagantly disposes of her few thousand dollars insurance, because to her, untrained in percentages and values, a few thousand dollars seems a huge, inexhaustible sum.

Of course, children are like grown-ups to the extent that they think much more of money than they earn than of that which is given them.

Each housewife might put a price on the performance of some simple household duty, and thus allow the child to "earn" his allowance. Where this does not seem advisable the committing to memory of a beautiful poem or the solving of a reasonably hard mathematical problem might be rewarded.

A successful woman writer of fiction told me she was very lazy as a girl. A high school neighbor, a clever mother put a price of twenty-five cents as the reward for each thousand-word story cleverly and neatly written.

"And because I wanted a silk petticoat which cost five dollars, and I had no other way of getting it, I just had to write."

Why should no child should be encouraged to refuse to be helpful or obliging unless he is paid. But there is a happy medium, and the mother begins the child's financial training early by granting an allowance.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

NOW in the story before this I left off where the little half-headed shopkeeper told Puss how foolish he was to give the magic blue-glass egg to the Old Witch. And pretty soon you shall hear why.

Well, as soon as the Old Witch reached her house in the woods, she went out to the little shed where she kept her chickens and placed the blue-glass egg in a nest. And then she called to a little black hen and told her to sit on the glass egg.

Well, by and by, the little black hen got off her nest, and there in the hay, instead of the blue-glass egg, was a beautiful peacock, and in the nest she saw a great big, magnificent bird. And then she walked over to the Old Witch's house and looked in through the window. And then he tapped on the little glass pane until the Old Witch opened the door.

"Ha, ha, my beauty!" she cried in a high, cracked voice, for she was very happy to see such a beautiful bird, who can well imagine "What can I do for you, my fine Peacock?" But the beautiful bird did not reply, but drooped his wings and looked very sad indeed. I guess he knew that he was in the power of that wicked witch.

"Go back to the shed," said the Old Witch, "and I will bring you some corn and barley." So the beautiful peacock did as he was told, for of course he was afraid of that wicked witch, for she might cut off his head any time with her

sharp ax, which she had hidden behind the door.

And now I suppose you are wondering what has become of Puss Junior all this time. Well, I'll tell you right away, for he's going to do something to help that beautiful Peacock, although he does not know yet what happened to the little blue glass egg.

Well, as soon as the little old man stopped speaking, Puss put on his cap and started off for the forest, and by and by he came to the old witch's hut. But, of course, she told the Peacock a long ways off, and the Peacock, who had told the Peacock to go back to the shed. And after she had looked him in she went back to her hut and waited for Puss.

Well, after Puss had knocked on her door with the hilt of his sword maybe half a dozen times she opened it and said with a horrible grin, "What do you want?"

"Give me back my little glass egg. Here is the basket of eggs you gave me for it," and Puss looked fiercely at her, for he wasn't afraid—not when he was angry, anyway.

"I will not," said the wicked witch, and she slammed the door in his face, and then she gave such a horrible shriek that all the little birds in the forest were frightened nearly to death.

"Then I will burn down your hut," said Puss, and he touched the wooden door with the flaming gold feather on his hat, and then he blew on it so that pretty soon the flames began to creep over the roof.

And I had any more room in the story. I'd tell you what happened after that, but I haven't.

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Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Christian and Jew.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-one and deeply love a man, twenty-three. He has asked me to marry him, but not for four years. I am willing to wait, but my mother objects to a marriage of this kind.

He is a Christian, and I am a Jew. I do not wish to try too hard lest I harm her; for I know that she have suffer much, and sleep at times be all-in-all to her.

show of authority. Your mother has a right to her own attitude in the matter, but I do not happen to agree with her attitude. What keeps such marriages from falling in toleration, broad-mindedness, sympathetic understanding if you have them you are safe to proceed; if you do not possess them, you are likely to find only unhappiness in your marriage.

In Swift Pursuit.

He looked about. Not far off at another dock was another boat, in which a man was fussing with the

This Day in History.

THIS is the 362d anniversary of the abdication of Charles V., King of Spain and Emperor of Austria, the most powerful monarch of the middle ages. Charles gave up the throne to his son, Philip II., who by means of the Inquisition lost the Netherlands and left his rich inheritance a wreck.

The Value of Sympathy

By Mary Ellen Sigsbee

Any Sort of Sympathy Is a Fine Thing, but a Practical Application of It Is Better



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

MOST of us have the habit of fancying that we are in a terrible hurry and that our business is something of enormous importance in the performance of which we cannot afford to lose one minute. This point of view has become so habitual to the majority of us that we cease to question the necessity of hurry in each

particular occasion but simply live in a perpetual state of bustle that gives us small time to expend anything more than sympathy on the affairs of other people. We are far too busy to offer much help.

One evening during the recent very cold spell a member of our household said: "This morning I passed a child in the streets who had no gloves, and it has bothered

me all day long. Why didn't I stop and buy that boy a pair of gloves? It could have been done in five minutes."

It is only this exaggerated belief in the immediate importance of what we ourselves are doing that makes it possible for a kind-hearted person to walk by without rendering assistance when that assistance lies within his or her power.

The Hidden Hand

By Arthur B. Reeve.

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

EPISODE 9.
"Jets of Flame."

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DORIS agreed. But outside, with clenched fists, Abner fumed as he planned with the consul means of enforcing the deportation.

Going to Whitney Island unexpectedly was not a simple process, and it was not until many hours later that Doris and Ramsay, in a motor boat, approached the Whitney dock. As they did so her dog Rex caught sight of Doris and came bounding along.

Doris leaped out of the boat and romped up the path with Rex, while Ramsay turned to gather the bags and baggage they had brought.

"I'm going on up to the house," she called back, running ahead.

Suddenly there was a scream and Ramsay leaped up alert. As he looked up the path where only a moment before he had seen Doris, there was now no trace of her. She was gone. With long strides he darted up the path.

There, before him, was a hole, directly in the gravel. The secret agents of the consul, acting under instructions, had made good use of the interval. They had dug a pitfall in the path, covered it with a light coat of gravel, and connected it by a narrow tunnel to the shore.

The moment Doris crashed down into the pit, three of the secret agents had pounced on her and now they were hearing her, struggling helplessly, to a motorboat hidden on the other side of the bluff.

Ramsay leaped down into the pitfall, just in time to see Doris dragged out of the other end.

Through the narrow passageway he waded himself in time to discover that Doris was being hustled aboard a waiting motorboat. He ran for it, but as he approached, three of the consul's agents laid him low. The boat started the men leaped aboard, and in spite of the secret agents' had pounced on her and now they were hearing her, struggling helplessly, to a motorboat hidden on the other side of the bluff.

A New Peril.

She let herself fall lightly as possible to the deck of the tugboat, where the men caught her. The tug swung away, paying no attention now to the curses of the secret agents at the rail of the tramp steamer.

"Are you all right?" asked one of the men on the tugboat, half carrying her. "Perhaps you had better rest, Miss."

Doris allowed him to lead her toward the little cabin on the boat, for she was, indeed, nearly over-

A Serial of Romance and Mystery.

In the cabin he seated Doris on a chest and bent over her. "I'd better get a drop of water," he said. He moved to the door and as he did so, closed it. On the outside Doris heard the turning of a key.

At the sound of the key turning in the lock, Doris jumped up and ran nervously to the door. What did it mean? She tried the door. It was, indeed, locked. She ran to a window. It, too, was locked. Besides, it was too small to climb through, even if she broke the glass.

She looked about in terror. Had she merely escaped one danger to run into another? She sat down on the chest again.

And as she sat there she heard a peculiar rustling noise. It seemed to come from the curtained bunk across from her. Slowly the curtains moved, and as it parted she screamed in renewed terror.

There was the hideous gauntlet of death of the Hidden Hand.

An instant later the Hidden Hand pounced on her from the bunk above, while he called to his men outside.

The door opened and two of them entered, this time bearing a long narrow wooden packing case which they placed on the floor, as they lifted the lid. Seizing Doris by the throat, the Hidden Hand forced her back over the side of the case into the box where he held her while the others bent over, preventing her from getting up.

"Nail her in," ordered the Hidden Hand as the men produced a hammer and nails and began fitting on the lid again.

By this time the nose of the tug had stuck itself up alongside of a wharf on a deserted section of the waterfront. As the tug came up the men, with others and the Hidden Hand, seized the box containing Doris and bore it swiftly ashore, up the dock and into the basement door of a warehouse.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

The Amateur Gardener.

Lord Carrington, who is keenly interested in agriculture and gardening, tells a story of an ambitious young wife who decided to take up gardening. When her husband was starting for business one morning she handed him a lengthy list of seeds which she wanted him to bring home. He glanced down the list.

"But don't you want any flowers to bloom this summer?" he asked.

"Yes, of course!" his wife answered.

"Well, those you have put down here will not bloom till next summer."

"Oh, that's all right," she exclaimed. "I made up the list from a last year's catalogue!"